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SIMPLE SETTINGS,

IN VERSE,

FOR SIX PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

FROM MR. DICKENS'S GALLERY.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LV.



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MY DEAR FRIEND,

I send you a copy of a few verses which I have had printed and put into covers, as a Christmas gift. The inditing of them has been to me a most pleasant occupation, — I cannot call it a labor, — and has helped to while away and fill up many an hour, that would otherwise have been weary or vacant, of my invalid life.

If you find them, — as I hope you will, — earnest, simple, and healthful ; and if they serve to recall to you, pleasantly, him who sends them, I shall be more than content, and they will have been twice blest to me, — first, in the cheerful presence which their growth and blossoming brought into my quiet chamber ; and, next, in the kindly remembrance they will have awakened of your old friend, the writer of them.

E. BARTLETT.

Woonsocket, R. I., Dec. 25, 1854.

‘I MAY quarrel with Mr. Dickens’s art, a thousand and a thousand times ; I delight and wonder at his genius ; I recognize in it,—I speak with awe and reverence,—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe away every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.’

Mr. Thackeray’s Lecture on Charity and Humor.

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ALICE AND THE MONK.

THE STORY OF THE FIVE SISTERS IN NICHOLAS
NICKLEBY.

‘THE veil ! O, holy Father, no ;’
She said in gentle tones, and low,—
‘We do not read the message so,

‘That our dear Lord did bring, to light
The darkness of this troubled night,
And guide our erring steps aright.

‘Thou sayest, when first our days begin,
It is in sorrow and in sin ;
And all is wrong, without, within ;

‘ That life is but a transient beam,—
A ripple on the running stream,—
A fleeting shade,— a fading dream ;

‘ That Satan’s wiles o’er all prevail ;
That man is false, and woman frail,
And present joy an endless bale ;

‘ That even these gentle tasks are snares,
The Tempter’s subtle wit prepares,
To catch our footsteps unawares ;

‘ That maidens’ lives are holiest where
The convent breathes its hallowed air
Of daily penitence and prayer.

‘ We know, good Father, we must die ;
That all we think or do does lie
Within the great Taskmaster’s eye.

‘But listen, and I will explain,
In true and simple speech, and plain,
The busy thoughts that fill my brain:—

‘We pay Saint Mary’s tribute due ;
We speak the word that’s strict and true ;
The thing that’s right, we mean to do :

‘Each morning are our matins said ;
We give the poor their daily bread ;
The stranger’s board is daily spread :

‘We strive, by kindly word and deed,
To cheer the sick man in his need ;
We teach the children how to read.

‘Last night, when o’er the darkened sky
The wild winds swept, and no one nigh—
We went—sweet sister Maud and I—

‘ To tend old Anselm’s dying bed ;
We smoothed the pillow for his head ;
And from God’s Holy book we read.

‘ We fanned his thin and fevered cheek,
And saw him look — so worn and weak —
The simple thanks he could not speak.¹

‘ And when, at last, his soul found rest,
Their white lids o’er his eyes we pressed,
And placed the dear cross on his breast.

‘ When all these gracious works are done,
We walk and play till setting sun,
Or weave these bright threads, one by one.’

She ceased a moment — standing there,
And gazing up, as if she were
An angel, rapt in silent prayer.

The holy Abbot said ‘Amen !’
The maiden dropped her eyes, and then
Took up her sweet discourse again.

‘ God made the world,—so wondrous fair,—
He breathed abroad this flowing air ;
He keepeth all things in His care :

‘ He made the day, and He the night ;
He spake, and lo ! the living light ;
He ever doeth all things right.

‘ How sweet it is to see and hear,
Through all the circle of the year,
These sights and sounds from far and near.

‘ This mossy turf whereon we tread ;
The various landscape round us spread ;
The great deep sky arched overhead ;

‘ The long, green walks of hedgerow thorn ;
The waving fields of yellow corn ;
The glory of the dewy morn ;

‘ The shining sail the fresh wind fills ;
The flashing of the mountain rills ;
The quiet cattle on the hills ;

‘ The softly-falling summer rain ;
The floating mist o’er hill and plain ;
The heavy, homeward-wending wain ;

‘ The thousand flowers, on field and fell ; —
The saintly lily’s silver bell ;
Anemone, and asphodel ;

‘ The rose, in its imperial pride ;
And, by the river’s grassy side,
Pansies and violets, azure-eyed.

‘And O, those sunset clouds that rest
Serenely in the glowing west,
Like silent cities of the blest ; —

‘Their mighty masses grandly rolled
In many a gorgeous fold on fold, —
Pearl, purple, amber, rose, and gold.

‘And hark ! from out the woody dell,
Where the brown thrush and robin dwell,
How sweet and clear their voices swell !

‘And how the soaring sky-lark sings !
And seems to shower, as up he springs,
Glad music from his very wings.

‘In mellow cadence floating wide,
From meadow, plain, and steep hill-side,
The low of kine at eventide.

‘ And linked to this soft, summer breeze,
Through all the newly-blossomed trees,
The murmur of the golden bees.

‘ And once, from out the starlit sphere,
I think, good Father, I did hear
The songs of angels greet mine ear.

‘ And in the dreary winter-time, —
The jingling sleigh-bells’ merry chime ;
The sparkle of the morning rime.

‘ O’er the blue ice, like burnished steel,
The graceful skater’s sweep and wheel ;
The clear ring of his iron heel.

‘ And sometimes, up the northern sky,
At night, like banners streaming high,
Those strange, auroral splendors fly.

‘ But sweeter than the song of birds,
Or sound of bees, or lowing herds,
Is the dear breath of loving words.

‘ And brighter far than all that lies
On the wide earth, or in the skies,
Is the dear light of loving eyes.

‘ Good Father, no, it cannot be
’T is wrong to love — it seems to me —
This goodly world, so fair to see.

‘ So, still from busy day to day,
In pious cares and harmless play,
Our happy years shall roll away.

‘ And when we die, O, let our eyes
Look out upon the bending skies,
To which we hope our souls may rise.’

She paused, and stooped her lovely head,
And signed the holy sign, and said, —
‘ Dear Mary Mother, overhead ;

‘ With Him who on the cross did bleed,
For us and all, O, intercede,
And help us ever in our need ! ’

JOHN BROWDIE.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

'TWAS worth a crown, John Browdie, to hear you
ringing out,
O'er hedge and hill and roadside, that loud, hilarious
shout ;
And how the echoes caught it up and flung it all about.

'T was worth another, John, to see that broad and glo-
rious grin,
That stretched your wide mouth wider still, and
wrinkled round your chin,
And showed how true the heart was that glowed and
beat within.

Yes ! Nick has beaten the *measther*, — 't was a sight
beneath the sun !

And I only wish, John Browdie, when that good deed
was done,

That you and I had both been there to help along the
fun.

Be sure he let him have it well ; — his trusty arm was
nerved

With hoarded wrongs and righteous hate, — so it slack-
ened not nor swerved,

Until the old curmudgeon got the thrashing he deserved.

The guinea, John, you gave the lad, is charmed for-
evermore ;

It shall fill your home with blessings ; it shall add unto
your store ;

Be light upon your pathway, and sunshine on your
floor.

These are the treasures, too, laid up forever in the sky,
Kind words to solace aching hearts, and make wet eyelids dry,
And kindly deeds in silence done with no one standing by.

And when you tell the story, John, to her, your joy and pride —
The miller's bonny daughter, so soon to be your bride —
She shall love you more than ever, and cling closer to your side.

Content and health be in your house ! and may you live to see
Full many a little Browdie, John, climb up your sturdy knee ;
The mother's hope, the father's stay and comfort long to be.

These are thy crown, O, England ; thy glory, grace,
and might ! —

Who work the work of honest hands, from early morn
till night,

And worship God by serving man, and doing what is
right.

All honor, then, to them ! let dukes and duchesses give
room !

The men who by the anvil strike, and ply the busy
loom ;

And scatter plenty through the land, and make the
desert bloom.

TIM LINKINWATER.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

DEAR, dear Tim Linkinwater ! with that clear, unclouded face,

Making sunshine all about you, in the old, familiar place,

Though years have hurried by me, since the hour when first we met,

The lesson that you taught me then, I never shall forget : —

Of daily labors well performed, of daily duties done,
With ready hand and willing heart, still punctual as the sun ;

Of thoughtful care for others' good, of peace and calm
content,

With which your little round of life, from day to
day you went.

Your very name brings back to me, with its ring so
silver-clear,

The sounds that in my boyhood's time I loved so well
to hear,—

The choral hail! from hedge and grove, that met the
coming morn;

The 'view halloo,' sent far and wide; the hunter's
mellow horn;

The reaper's song at evening, floating over field and
plain;

The whistle of the meadow quail, before the coming
rain;

The tinkle of the sheep-bells from off the distant hill;
The water dripping in the pool, below the dusty mill.

'T was four-and-forty years ago, my good old friend,
you said,—

A bright May morning on the scene its hopeful
glory shed —

When in that ancient day-book, lettered 'A,' and
'Number One,'

You made the first fair entry, and your life-work was
begun.

And since that time, so long agone, there has not passed
away,

With duties unperformed or left, a single wasted day ;
And you have found, on summing up, with each
returning night,

Your cash account all fair and square, your balance-
sheet all right.

How well do I remember, Tim, that pleasant counting-
house,

So snug, and nice, and orderly, and quiet as a mouse ;

Its polished walls, and all within, so cheerful and so
bright,

I wondered how a London sun could kindle such a
light.

You said, I know, *no other* could, — that country suns,
you knew,

Were half the time so wrapped in clouds, they could
not struggle through ;

But still, that something of the glow, around you
always shed,

Was left behind them when they passed, by brother
Charles and Ned.

And I have not forgotten, Tim, that look of proud de-
light,

When Nick, you said, had done the work, and had
done it well and right ;

And you felt the dear old ledgers would be free from
blot or stain,
When you and they had parted, to meet no more again.

And hallowed in my heart of hearts, forevermore shall
be

The memory of that evening hour, when you took me
up to see
That little attic chamber, where so long in nightly rest,
And light and healthful sleep, your cheek its peaceful
pillow pressed.

And you pointed out the window, across the shady
square,

Where, lying on his little bed, or propt within his
chair,

With yearning eyes and aching heart, that sick and
crippled lad,

You watched from weary year to year,— so patient
and so sad.

And you told me how they brought him, when the days
were warm and fair,
To look upon the summer skies, and breathe the
summer air,
And with his thin, white hands his flowers to water and
to trim,
Though nought to all the world beside, that were so
much to him.

You said he had no playmates, his dreary lot to cheer ;
No gentle faces round his bed, no tender mother near ;
And you thought a friendly word and look might help
a little while,
Some moments of their loneliness and sadness to
beguile.

So when you saw his feeble head against the casement
leant,
Your greeting and inquiry kind across the square were
sent ;

And with his grave and pleasant smile, and his voice
so weak and low,
He said that he was better now, though you knew it
was not so.

And when at length the long, bright days of summer
all had fled,
You saw his flowers had faded, and their withered
leaves were dead,
His window was unopened, and they brought him there
no more ;
So you knew that all was ended, and his little life was
o'er.

And when we sat together, Tim, in that pleasant little
room,
And you told the simple story in the twilight's gather-
ing gloom,

I am sure I saw the angels stooping downward from
the skies,
With a silent benediction in their sweet and solemn
eyes

Ah ! no, dear Tim, I cannot doubt, through our Re-
deemer's love,
Your name is written in that book the angel keeps
above :
And if, as earthly shadows must, some earthly stains
may stay,
His tears shall drop upon the page, and wash them all
away.

.
I wish that we might meet again, as once we met of
yore ;
And that we had between us, Tim, one glorious
magnum more,
Of that old double diamond, so rosy and so bright,
That filled with fragrance all the room, and sparkled
like the light.

With glasses wreathed in laurel leaves, and ruddy to
the brim,

Our parting toast before we went, should be a health
to him,

Who told that pleasant tale so well — the best among
the best —

Of Nick, and Kate, and Newman Noggs, poor Smike,
and all the rest.

I know, I know, my dear old friend, that it was hardly
fair,

For him to tell to all the world, the whole that hap-
pened there,

When on the window-seat at dusk, so cosy, side by side,
You asked the little darling dear to come and be your
bride.

But then, he meant no harm nor wrong to her or you,
I know,

And she, with all her kind, good heart, forgave him
long ago,

And as she says so often, Tim, you ought not to forget,
That if it had not been for him, you never would have
met.

And then, ah! Tim, how changed, indeed, had all your
journey run,

Adown this western slope that leads us toward the
setting sun ;

Without her love to light the path, from shortening day
to day ;

Without her gentle hand to smooth its roughnesses
away.

I think he knows the music these meeting goblets
wake ;

I think he knows the color of the light their flashes
make ;

But if he would not join *our* health, he might drink
aside — to us —

While you and I were pouring out our hearty bumpers
thus, —

To him, the chiel, whose magic words, through many
a various page,

Assert the right, rebuke the wrong, and charm the
listening age ;

Whom the nations' plaudits follow, wheresoever forth
he goes,—

The gentle Will of these our times, the Shakspeare of
our prose.

•
God bless him, Tim ! for all the good, his gray goose
quill has wrought,

For all the lessons, grave and gay, his genial lips have
taught ;

For all the light his sunny face has shed o'er lonely
hours ;

For all the rugged paths his hands have scattered o'er
with flowers :

For all the bonds of human love his cunning skill has
knit,

In mingled links of dark and bright, of wisdom and of wit ;

For every generous impulse, for every pure desire,
His torch has kindled in our hearts with its Promethean fire :

His faith in man, his trust in God, unfaltering and serene ;

His thorough scorn of every thing unworthy, false, or mean ;

The tender love and pity that warm his throbbing breast,

For the wronged, the poor, the trodden down, the wretched and oppressed :

For the thousand Christmas fires, lit up in cottage and in hall ;

For the merry Christmas meetings that have gathered at his call ;

For the children made so happy, in the homes of many lands,

Who run to meet him when he comes, and clap their little hands.

All blessings and all good be his ! — peace, health, and length of days !

A life filled up with noble work, and graced with grateful praise ;

And by and by, to cheer his age, and crown his silver hair,

His sons all brave and manly men, his daughters good and fair ;

And children's children on his knee, and round his elbow-chair.

MRS. JELLYBY.—AN ETCHING.

BLEAK HOUSE.

SHE stood before me, one
Of a strange tribe ; whose children have, I ween,—
And fuller grown than she,—been sometimes seen
Nearer the setting sun.

Sin's grim and ghastly brood
Howled round her house, and crept upon her floor,
In every hideous shape ; and at her door
Gaunt hunger begged for food.

These horrors never stirred
One pulse within her; even her babe's faint cry,
At her shrunk breasts, for milk, moaned feebly by,
Half heeded or unheard.

All sights and sounds like these,
She could not hear nor see,— they were too near,—
She strained her misty eye and muffled ear,
Far over tropic seas,

And tropic lands, away,
Where sweet acacias drop their odorous balm,
And in the shade of cocoa and of palm,
Young Borrioboolans play.

She had a glib, sharp tongue,
That, right and left, its fierce invectives rang,
On high and low, and like the adder's fang,
That poisoned where it stung.

Her wordy wrath she dealt,
In speech not over-clean, but shrill and loud,
On all who had not in her service bowed,
And at her altar knelt.

With coarse and boastful pride,
All courteous phrase that lifts and softens strife,
All kind amenities of daily life,
She scorned and cast aside.

But chiefest of delights
It was to her, to tear, with impious hand,
The anointed names of her own age and land,
Down from their radiant heights.

The great, the wise, the just,
Who would not follow blindly where she led,
She slandered living, and spat out, when dead
Her venom on their dust.

On Orders, Laws, the State,—
All due Observance, hoary eld hath stored
With garnered dust and reverent love, she poured
The vials of her hate.

‘Doctors are fools,’ she cried,—
‘Their ancient art all fable, false and wild ;
While her meek husband and her helpless child,
Wrapt in wet blankets, died.

All monstrous things and strange,
From creeds to costumes, if they were but new,—
The last the best,—she followed through and through,
From fickle change to change.

That book no man hath read,—
Sealed with seven seals, the seer of Patmos saw,—
Standing apart, in fear and solemn awe,—
Her hands had loosed, she said !

That chain whereon depend,
From God's own hand, the lamps that light the day,—
Changeless, like Him,— her breath could melt away !
Her tricks asunder rend !

Right manfully she stood
Up for her rights,— until she lost the place
That nature gave her, and all maidenly grace
Of gentle womanhood.

With hunger lean and dry,
On such chopped straw and the east wind she fed,
Till her soul famished, lacking wholesome bread,
Albeit she wist not why.

Cease but to walk erect,
Swing the rank censer underneath her nose ;
And she will set your precious name with those,—
Her sainted and elect.

But from the line that lies
Before her, if you swerve an inch, beware !
You'll find, my friend, her clutches in *your* hair,
 Her nails in *your* sweet eyes.

With bold, irreverent brow,
And loose, free step, her perilous way she trod,
Downward and on, till she denied her God,
 And broke her marriage vow.

POOR JO

BLEAK HOUSE.

A CABIN's rafter-roof o'erhead, —
His thin and weary arms outspread, —
Poor Jo lies on his truckle-bed.

He turns him on his aching bones,
Repeating still, in low faint tones,
'O, keep me from Tom-all-alones !

'I'm moving on, I'm moving on, —
My hard day's work is nearly done, —
I'm moving on, I'm moving on.

‘ Keep moving on, — you always say, —
I do move on my weary way, —
I do move on my weary way.

‘ I knew that it would soon be so ;
The poor old cart drags hard and slow ;
Its creaking wheels can barely go.’

And then, upon the stifled air,
Dim with the candle’s sickly glare,
There fell a few brief words of prayer.

The words were His, for him and me,
Who died upon the accursed tree, —
The manger-born, in Galilee.

They spake his Father’s name in Heaven, —
They prayed his sins might be forgiven, —
And thus the passing soul was shriven ;

And without priest or sacrament,
Or vain devices men invent,
Meekly to its great audit went.

The solemn transit sped apace,—
And o'er the poor boy's pallid face
Had fallen a fixed and holy grace.

All trace of pain had passed away,
As, still, in death's embraces lay
The freshly consecrated clay.

No smile upon the thin lips staid ;
But all the dark eclipse and shade
Had fled, that sin and want had made.

And thus, O listen, Pomp and Pride !
With one kind watcher by his side,
The wronged and wretched outcast died.

And all that orient, morning glow
Our happy childhood ought to know,—
O'erarched by Hope's eternal bow ;

Green grass and roses shining through
The tear-drops of the blessed dew
Of life's clear dawn, he never knew.

No mother stilled his first alarm ;
No father's strong and guardian arm
Shielded his little feet from harm.

Poor Jo, alas ! is only one
Of millions underneath the sun,
Whose life-work is as darkly done

His sad, short tale is quickly told,—
Repeated ever from of old,—
Neglect, Sin, Sorrow, Hunger, Cold.

Grim shapes were these, with grisly Cares,
That by his pallet made their lairs,—
He heard no lullaby but theirs !

They sang him to his nightly rest ;
They suckled the hag-dreams that pressed
So darkly on his infant breast.

And through each long and bitter year,
That followed him from birth to bier,
How went that other world, so near ?

— That other world great London sees,
Rise through its ranks, in fair degrees,
From homely thrift to silken ease ?

Where Plenty her large affluence showers,
And Pleasure through her rosy bowers
Leads ever on the laughing Hours ;

Where, through full many a grand old hall,
Music and Mirth to revel call,
And Beauty holds high festival ;

Where fairy forms go floating by,
And happy hearts are beating high,
And health and hope light every eye ;

Where Wit provokes the playful fight,
To keep his flashing lances bright,
And merry humors round the night ;

Where Learning gathers from all shores,
And spreads again, her ample stores
Of precious gems and golden ores ;

Where pale, assiduous Science pries,
With cunning brain and patient eyes,
Into all nature's mysteries ;

Where Art its various beauty flings,
Like subtle light from unseen wings,
Alike o'er rare and common things ;

And all the nameless grace that flows
From gentle manners, softly throws
O'er life its perfume and repose.

. . . Well, be it so ; I would not bate
One jot of all this high estate,
With glory, pride, and power elate ;

I would not dim a single ray,
That makes these radiant spheres so gay ;
I would not pluck one flower away ;

I would not touch her garment's hem,
Who wears so well, with cross and gem,
The empire's ancient diadem.

Lift higher yet, spread wider still,
Life's grace and splendor, if you will,—
Its brimming beaker overfill.

But thou, young Queen, whose gentle hand
Holds the fair sceptre of command,
O'er all the wide and loyal land ;

Who sitt'st apart, serene, alone ;
And ye, from social zone to zone,
Who guard, uphold, and grace the throne ;

The brave, the great, the wise, the fair,
Who breathe this soft and fragrant air,
Which suffers no ignoble care ;

Who ward our thresholds while we sleep ;
Our altar-fires, who feed and keep ;
Who watch the realm from steep to steep.

And ye, whose bark joy's wanton breeze
Wafts o'er the smooth and sun-lit seas,
Lapt in the down of purple ease ;

O, learn this truth ; take heed, and know,
The wretched boy who died below
That cabin's roof, was *brother* Jo !

Yes ! yours, and mine ! one Father's face
Bends o'er us all ; one Saviour's grace
Infolds us with its wide embrace.

One blood, one brain, one weal or woe,—
One heaven, or hell, to which we go,—
One judgment-seat for us and Jo !

Then be as brothers, kind and just ;
Fulfil that Golden Rule and trust,
Our great Redeemer said we must.

Lift up the fallen ; help the weak ;
The lost, estraying wanderer seek ;
And comfort to the mourner speak ;

Unveil the mysteries that lie
On earth, in ocean, air, and sky,
And open every ear and eye,

To see the beauty that upsprings,
To hear the music that outrings,
From all this wond'rous frame of things ;

O'er all His works, with glory lit,
To know the meaning, God has writ
In characters so fair and fit.

Mix love with rule, and right with might ;
On darkened brains let in the light ;
Dispel this worse than brutish night.

Unseal the fountains of that deep,
In every human soul that sleep,
And let their living waters leap,—

Whence all the kind affections flow
That sweeten life, and love doth grow
To God above, and man below.

Her line of light let conscience draw,
And, clad in more than mortal awe,
Utter the thunders of her law.

Wash with sweet rains its slimy stones,
And hush the ribald jests and moans
That echo through Tom-all-alones ;

Dry up its foul, mephitic fens,
And purge with fire its noisome dens,—
Fitter for wild beasts' homes than men's.

If not for Jo's sake, for your own ;
The Upas seeds, here thickly sown,
May grow to overshade the throne ;

These typhus-damps, engendered here,
Will rise to cloud *your* sunny sphere,
And fill your pleasant seats with fear.

And ye, kind souls, whose tender eyes
Are on the dreamy land that lies
Under far Ind or Afric skies,—

Turn home your vision ; look below
Your window-sills, for sin and woe,
And let the Borrioboolans go.

Be wise in time ; while Toil beguiles
His tasks with rest, and Plenty smiles
O'er all the continents and isles ;

His life and yours may smoothly glide,
Like kindred rivers, side by side,
Which only flowery banks divide.

But should the Lord o'ercloud His path,
And tread the wine-press of His wrath,
As ~~is~~ in the ages gone He hath ;

Should Egypt's scourges come again,
And mildew fall, like fiery rain,
On harvest field and fertile plain ;

No more, from smiling east to west,
Shall your own stately homes be blest
With neighborhood and nightly rest.²

No more, that dark-bright, two-fold tide
Of human life securely glide,
Its green and flowery banks beside.

But in all shapes that Terror wears,
Grim Want's battalions, and Despair's,
Shall gather from their swarming lairs.

Their sons and yours, through all the land,
Met, face to face, and hand to hand,
In fierce and final feud shall stand ;

And then, in ruddier rains than fall
From the sweet heavens, alike on all,—
On cabin roof, and castle wall ;

They shall wash out these dark arrears,
Uncancelled through a thousand years,
Of cruel wrong and bitter tears.

O, then be wise, while yet ye may ;
Pray the just God His arm to stay,
And put far off that evil day

Bridge over the great gulf that lies
Between you with fraternal ties,
And hearty, human sympathies.

So shall the struggling Ages climb
The heights of that appointed time,
Foretold in prophecy sublime ;

When, wrought and ripe the mighty plan,
Heaven's bow of woven light shall span
The sacred Brotherhood of Man ;

And peace shall dwell on every shore,
And hate, and wrong, and evil sore,
Vex the old troubled earth no more.

AN ALLEGORY.

PICKWICK TO HARD TIMES.

ON a green slope that gently fell away,
Down toward the valley nestled at its foot,
One sweet, clear morning in the early spring,
There stood an English youth. His journey lay
Up toward the far-off summit of the hill ;
But here, midway in the ascent, he paused,
And turned, to rest awhile, and look
Out on the glorious scene spread wide below :—
Meadow, and field, and forest, dale and hill ;
Orchards, green hedgerows, gardens ; stately trees,
In clumps or single, scattered o'er the land,
Long centuries old, and kinglier than kings ;
Broad, shining rivers ; noble parks and lawns ;
Cottage and lordly castle ; village spires ;

Cathedrals gray with venerable age,
And green with clinging ivy, here and there ;
In the dim distance, resting underneath
Its cloud pavilion, with its mighty dome,
And towers and temples, and its thronging life,
The world's imperial city ; and afar,
On the horizon's edge, a long, low line
Of level light, that showed the gazer where
His Isle's embracing ocean kissed the land.
Up the red, eastern sky, half way, the sun
Shone full on his fair forehead ; and the breeze,
Fresh with the coolness of an April morn,
Just stirred the dark waves of his chestnut hair.

A shade passed o'er his features — not of pain,
Nor sorrow ; hardly of regret, — but more
Of solemn musing, deeper than his wont.
Set like a seal on his firm lips, there lay
The lines of steadfast purpose and resolve ;
And hope and triumph lit his earnest eyes :
For in that scene, much more did he behold,
Than all that lay before him ; — earth and sky,
The grace and glory of that outward world,

Were all transfigured, and became to him
Instinct with being, and all overwrit
With strange and mystic meaning, not their own.

He could not help but see, in that sweet vale,
Whence he had started with the early morn,
Still fresh with dew,—his childhood's happy home ;
And in that pleasant pathway up the hill,—
Rugged sometimes, but mostly soft and green,
And more with roses than with brambles lined ;
And in that bright sun, resting, as it seemed,
Midway between its rising and its noon,
His own life-journey, thus far towards its end.

In dimmer light, as through a shadowy veil,
Half hidden from his vision,—in the scene
Of various beauty round him spread,—he saw
His age, his race, his country, and the field
Appointed for the work he had to do,—
Where his life-battle must be lost or won.

In that rapt moment, suddenly there dawning
On his fine, inner sense, a new-risen star,
He had not seen before, that, all at once,
Filled the sweet orient full with golden light,—

With golden light of a great joy and hope,
And trembling consciousness, that even to him,
It might be, God had given His mighty gift —
If joined with high endeavor and true love —
Of worthy utterance of that noblest speech
The living nations hear — his mother tongue ;
Anointed thus, and set apart, to be
Above his fellows — teacher, priest and king.

Was it the dream that young, aspiring hearts
Have always dreamed, and must, — of strenuous strife
In the thick-coming years, and earnest toil
And conflict, for the right and true, at last
Crowned with full triumph, and the guerdon fair
Of love and glory ? — rather, was it not
Authentic prophecy of what should come —
The soul foretelling to itself its doom ?

Over his cradle shone auspicious stars,
With kindliest light and promise ; he was bred
Under the roof and in the genial air,
Laden with blessings, of an English home.
With the sweet milk of babyhood, he drank
The spell of its enchantment ; its warm light

Flowed round him like a charmèd atmosphere
Of goodness, truth and beauty. While he stood
In dreamy musing by his mother's side,
Or nestled in her lap, sweet Fancy came,
And wove for him her many-colored web,
And warbled in his ear her wildest strains,
And told her thousand tales,—about the elves,
Fairies and genii, dragons, giants, dwarfs,
And that redoubtable and valiant Jack,
Who slew the giants ; stirring all the depths
In his young soul, of wonder and delight,
To be in riper years perennial springs
Of sacred wisdom, awe and high belief
In things the senses cannot comprehend.

With lengthening days came other gentle friends,
Who charmed and cheered the present as it passed,
And colored all the current of his life
With their sweet talk and dear companionship.

Great Caliph Haroun showed him fair Bagdad ;
And led him underneath her stately palms,
And through her gardens, lustrous with the light
Of leaping fountains, and the glancing play

Of golden sunshine through dark orange glooms ;
Where Persian maidens — fair as full-orbed moons —
So sing their poets — dip their gleaming feet
In the cool, lucent basins ; and the air
Is faint with roses, and all musical
With light, glad laughter, and the song of birds —
Bulbuls, and orioles — and the drowsy lull
Of water dripping from its marble wells.

He sailed with Sinbad of the sea, and saw
Huge marvels of the islands and the deep.

Boyhood's prime favorite, trustful, brave, and good,
Adventurous Crusoe — took him by the hand ;
And quick to go, nor willing to return,
He wandered with him o'er his lonely Isle ;
Wondered to see the shaggy dress he wore ;
Helped all his cheerful work ; milked his tame goats ;
Played with his dog or talked with pretty Poll ;
Slept in his rocky castle, or looked out
With trembling fear while the wild savages
Danced round their hideous feasts upon the sand ;
Laughed at poor Friday's odd and uncouth speech,
And wept glad tears of triumph when he saw —

Steady, and quick, and true as tempered steel —

The faithful fellow's loyalty and love.

— So lived he all this hearty, wholesome life ;

So like, he later thought, some bounteous spring

That wells up from the deep heart of the earth,

Fed by the summer rains and silent dews,

In nature's subtle alchemy distilled,

Sparkling and pure, — and round its grassy rim,

Wild flowers as sweet, and the soft turf as green,

To-day, as when it issued from its bed

And drank the light a thousand years ago.

And many a time on summer afternoons,

When morning's noisier hours had had their fill,

And o'er his heart a gentler pleasure stole,

Would kind Sir Roger take him on his knee,

And call him his dear child, and fondle him,

And look into his face, with such calm light

Of tranquil sweetness beaming from his own,

That all the boy's quick heart leapt forth to his.

Through many a calm and sunny hour, did he —

That wayward, wandering, luckless, kindly child,

So simple-wise, so gentle and so great,

His heart's twin brother and selectest friend,
*Who nothing touched which he did not adorn,*³
So wrote the rugged Titan on his tomb—
And saw no living thing he did not love,
Or pity, and desire to save or serve—
Lie with him on the greensward in the shade,
And tell once more that ever charming tale,
Singing between-whiles to the idle wind—
Of the good Vicar and his checkered life ;
Or, tired with talk, from his old, vagrant flute,
Breathe such delicious melody, that well
The entrancèd world might hush itself to hear,
And bless the bringer of this new delight.

And once — it was a memorable day
In his mind's history — there came to him
A thoughtful, musing, solitary man,
Who told him that his home was far away,
Over the sea, in a still nook that lies —
From noisy traffic's crowded marts withdrawn,
And the fierce struggles of the restless world —
In the blue shadow of the Catskill hills.
Then from his ample pocket he took out

A dainty tome, with Crayon Sketches filled,
And showed the Pictures to the wondering boy :—
Wondering, for all the pages were a-glow
With a fine hazy splendor, soft and warm
And tender, like the mellow light that gives
Their glory to those autumn days, they call
The Indian Summer, in the Sketcher's land.

Soft mist of tears lay in his quiet eyes,
While playful laughter twinkled round their lids,
Or nestled in the wrinkles of his chin ;
And from his lips dropped words so rare and rich,
And woven in such witcheries of phrase,
As still with amorous delay he talked
Of Rip Van Winkle, and his doughty dame ;
Buxom Katrina and lean Ichabod ;
Lone Sleepy Hollow, and the Tappan Zee,—
That while the rapt boy looked and listened there,
Face, voice, and volume sank into his heart,
And never were forgotten while he lived.

Thus all about him blew the pleasant gales
Of Song, and Legend, and brave old Romance,
And filled his soul with freshness like the dawn ;

And led by love and kindness, ran the hours
Their merry round till boyhood passed away.

Then came the ruder discipline and strife
Of school and college,—broader realms of thought,
And wider fields of action ; tears and smiles,
Of parting and of meeting ; vague desires
Of fruit, on life's fair tree untasted yet ;
Sounds in the air, like those of marching hosts
Coming to hail their champion, and to set,
Midst streaming banners, and with glad huzzas,
Garlands of victory on his youthful brow ;
Glimpses beyond the clouds of starry heights,
Shining serene in their eternal depths,
Above the tumult of the world below,
Girt with the glory of some great renown ;
And O, more radiant than all else beside,
Dreams of one cherished form whose loving eyes
Looked into his, and filled his life with joy,
Diviner far than power or praise can bring.
So phantom-like and dim these visions rose,
And passed before him, that he could not tell,
If they were memories of some vanished past,

Or strange foreshadows of events to come.

So he grew up to manhood. Rosy health
Now flushed his cheek and nerved his well-knit limbs :
And through his being, like a balmy tide,
There flowed a fine, free healthfulness, as fresh
As the spring winds that on his forehead breathed
Their dewy coolness ; not benumbed and chilled
By arctic rigors, nor entranced and steeped
In dreamy slumbers, by the lotus-dew
Of tropic languors ; but provoked and braced
To generous action, by the winter's air,
'Frosty but kindly,' and the changing shade
And sunshine, genial showers and living winds
Of temperate summers : — all his faculties
Complete and rounded to their amplest full ;
Self-poised and balanced, like the perfect stars ;
Each function of this life, so manifold,
Fulfilled ; and the mind's hierarchy set,
Rank over rank, through all its radiant powers,
In order of their nobleness ; and crowned,
Of right, with Conscience, Duty, and the great
Imperial Reason, o'er the rest supreme,

To guide and govern.

He had never fed
On his own bitter heart, as some have done,
Till all his veins ran gall, and his sweet flesh
Was turned to wormwood ; neither had he nursed
Pale, girlish fancies, till the very light
Of the great sun, and overarching sky
Shone sickly green and yellow. In his brain
He kept no knotty crotchets ; dreamed no dreams
Of Arcady ; nor thought that he could move
To his melodious measures, stones and trees,
And set the age to music with his song.
The satyr's slaver had not slimed his lips,
Till maidenly shame and manly modesty
Shrank from his ribald speech.* He did not bay
With empty howlings, the pale, innocent moon,
Nor scare the holy stillness of the night,
With his demoniac ravings ; nor had he
Bred fierce intents in his tremendous thought
To smite sheer through our tough old rock-ribbed earth !

* See Note A.

To clutch the stars, and wring their meaning out !
And then, still terrible and fell, to bind
Fast to the axle of his chariot wheels,
Poor, trembling captives, the astonished spheres ! *
That had not harmed him nor provoked his ire.

He had not parched his tongue with fiery draughts,
Drugged with hot juices, till his wandering eyes
Swam in delirious splendors, and his brain
Reeled with the drunken frenzy in his blood ;
And all he saw or apprehended took
Strange shape and spectral coloring, and became
Deformed, fantastical, awry and false, —
Warped from itself, and blurred with lurid light ; —
The sun, the stars, night's silver queen, the sea,
The green round earth, and the wide elements,
All wrenched from their great offices, and sent, —
From all their fine proprieties divorced,
Of their divinest beauty all despoiled,
Unnatural, monstrous, without law, unsphered, —
On crazy errands, through chaotic realms.

* See Note B.

But daily had he slaked his wholesome thirst
At those ‘pure wells of English undefiled,’
Deep, sweet, and clear, and cool with mossy stones,
Scattered along the highway of the Past,
From old Dan Chaucer’s time, to his who held
The circle of our whole humanity
In his clear vision, like a crystal sea
Of fluent light, — and measured all its depths ;
Unsealed the fountains of its secret springs ;
Knew whence and where its thousand currents ran ;
Felt every pulse that stirred its dread profound ;
Saw all its motions ; guaged the mighty swell
Of its great tides, and watched the changeful play
Of its free waves, in all their myriad moods
Of gloom and glory, terror and delight,
Unrest and rest ; and so, to his who raised,
With solemn song and chant, but yesterday,
So stainless white, so tender, stern and pure,
Like some fair pillar, in the desert set,
Keeping its silent watches, through the night
Of the dim centuries, o’er its hoarded dust —
His deathless *IN MEMORIAM* to his friend.

He did not think that with witch-hazel rods,
He could find out the secret springs that lie,
Hid in the earth's dark chambers, whereto men,
Dying athirst, might come, and drink and live ;
Nor, that with any wand of nice conceits,—
Phalanstery or Phalanx,— he could trick
The world to goodness. Large as was his heart,
And warm with generous impulse, yet to some —
Wide, world-embracing, philanthropic souls,—
Strange though it seem,— he loved his mother more,
Whom he had seen, than all the sooty tribes
He had not seen,— of Congo or Ghaboom ;
And his dear England's old familiar name
Sent quicker pulses through his glowing veins,
Than Quasheeogoola's or than Timbuctoo's !

He had been taught, and he believed, the earth
Was His who made it,— ruled and kept by Him,
And not by Satan,— ruled in love, not wrath,—
By laws His wisdom had ordained and set,
And swathed in beauty, fashioned by His hand ;
That all its people were His children, made
In His own image, and His equal care.

And, harder creed to many, he believed,
That since that day, near Eden, in the field,
When the first shepherd,—second born of Eve,—
Brought from the fold the firstlings of his flock,
An offering to the Lord,—in every age,
In every kindred, tongue, and tribe, where men
Had feared His name, and striven to do His will,
However darkly,—he had ever found
Service and love acceptable to Him ;
Christ's purer worship not the sole, but best.

Such was the kindly creed his heart received ;
But with it, well he knew, too well, that sin
Had entered the world's Eden, and had marred
The face of its fair beauty ; that foul wrongs,
And many, men had done to men ; the strong
Had laid their heavy burdens on the weak ;
The oppressor's foot had trodden down the oppressed ;
The proud man's scorn, or worse, his cold neglect,
Had left the lowly and the poor, to dig,
Or beg, or steal, or starve, as best they might ;
That o'er his slave the hard taskmaster's lash
Still cracked, from morn to night, in many a land.

This was the lofty moral of his creed :
That these were man's chief duties, — trust in God, —
The doing of His will in serving men,
With earnest work, and words of kindly cheer ;
Always with work and words, for good, not ill ;
Since man is bound to man by subtle bonds,
No strength nor craft can sunder or untie,
For help or hurt, for blessing or for bane ;
Hands washed in innocence, — the wayward heart
Kept with all diligence ; and a daily life
Unspotted from the world, through which it flows.

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The fantasy that wrought within my brain
Did take another shape, to body forth,
In visible form, its meaning ; for I saw,
Standing instead of that fair, dreaming youth,
A harper with his harp, — in act to strike,
With his irresolute fingers, the still strings
Of his sweet instrument ; but half in doubt,
What audience and what greeting he might find.
He touched the chords, that trembled at his touch,

And on the blithesome air there floated out
A wild, quaint Prelude,— pranksome, fitful, free,
Half mad with frolic fancies, half grotesque,—
Leaping with buoyant life, and bubbling o'er,
Like a full fountain after April rains,
With light and laughter,— English to the brim ;
With now and then a low, sad undertone,—
Felt more than heard on the soft, throbbing air,—
Of tenderest pity, melting into tears.

Ere he had ceased, it was a pleasant sight,
Through all the region, far and near, to see
The quick and clear intelligence, that caught
And gave glad welcome to the minstrel's strain.

The tired wayfarer on the dusty road
Stopped in his path, and leaned against the wall,
And toward the player turned his face to hear
Better the sounds that cheered him ; by the side
Of his bright anvil paused the sweaty smith,
In his loud work, and held his hammer still, •
To catch the tones that charmed his clanging forge ;
The farmer's wife came to the cottage door,

And hushed her baby's cry, to see whence flowed
The new, strange music on the morning air,
That stirred the rose-leaves by the window-side,
And shook fresh odors from them ; children left
Their plays to listen ; and white, jewelled hands
Threw open crystal casements, to let in
On vaulted ceiling, and on curtained throne,
The gay, glad melody that gambolled by.

• • • • • • • •

Once more the fantasy within me shaped
Itself in visible symbols ; and I saw
This goodly sight : — On the high table-land,
That from the summit of that eastern slope
Stretched westward far, and then fell off again,
Down towards the solemn sunset, high uprose
A fair and stately temple, — such as graced
Our Christian lands, in those great ages gone,
When holy zeal and faith, with life-long toil,
And love and worship, reared their mighty shrines,
Meet for the praise of Mary, Christ, and God.

By an unfinished turret on the roof,

In thoughtful earnest, pausing from his work,
The builder stood. In his right hand he held
His shining trowel, and his left still lay
Warm on the stone just hardening to its bed.⁴

The dreamy boy's fair features still were there,
And the young harper's,— changed but yet the same ;
Serener light, and softer, in his eyes,
Lay like sweet tears, ere sorrow's lightning flash
Has turned them into rain ; around his lips
Played the same smile, but on his brow there sat
A loftier purpose and a nobler aim.
Triumph had come ; but with it, also, came
Life's various discipline, ordained for all.
Its sterner cares and sorrows on his head,
Their chastening hands had laid ; and with the leaves
Of oak and laurel, round his temples wreathed,
Dark cypress mingled, here and there, its shade,
Fragrant with memories of the loved and lost.

On a new grave, whose polished headstone stood
Within the shadow of the temple's walls,
White as the spotless ermine he had worn,

Who slept beneath its consecrated turf,—
He gazed awhile,—then raised his mournful eyes
Toward the clear heaven to which his friend had gone,
And, with its saddened glory on his face,
Turned to his work ; and in my heart I said :—
‘ Toil on, brave builder, faithful to the end ;
Stronger in heart than ever,—what is done,
The earnest only of what time shall bring,
In the full coming of the ripened years.
‘ Wield mightier strength, and breathe a fairer grace
Of preciousness and beauty ; deeper sink
The granite basis ; firmer plant and gird
The upholding buttress ; toward the silent sky
Lift turret, tower and spire, more eminent ;
With lighter leap, the lancelike arches spring ;
Weave o’er the dim and fretted roof all forms
Of delicate tracery ; and throughout the whole,
Let the hard marble open into bloom,
And foliage,—myrtle, oak, pomegranate, pine ;
Thistle and sacred trefoil ; wedded rose,
And vestal lily ; lotus and the grape ;

Holly and amaranth and immortal palm ; —
These, and whatever else our God hath made,
Of best and fairest, — fruit, and flower, and leaf,
And living creatures, happy in the lives
That He has given them, filling all the earth,
And air, and waters, with the ceaseless praise
Of their great Maker ; through the windows pour,
In full effulgence, all the mingled dyes
That bathe the dawn and sunset ; star and crown
The costly altars, with all precious stones, —
Sapphire and emerald, agate, amethyst,
Beryl and jacinth, sardonyx and pearl ; —
With fine-twined linen, curtain them about, —
Blue, scarlet, purple ; let the censers smoke
With fragrant spices, — frankincense and myrrh,
Amber and spikenard, galbanum and balm.

‘ But more than all, and better, — more than power,
Or beauty, — more than subtlest craft and skill,
Or cunning workmanship, — breathe over all, —
From tessellated pavement to the top, —
From shaft, and arch, and architrave, — from door

And window,— from each flower and leaf,— from all
The sculptured forms of prophet, sage, and saint,
And cherubim,— even from the monstrous shapes
Of hippocriff and griffon,— from the gloom,
And from the splendor,— still the same great end,
And aim, and purpose,— to repeat the song,
Sung by the heavenly host when Christ was born,—
Glory to God on high, peace on the earth,
Good-will to men ; love, justice, mercy, truth ;
Help for the faint and weak ; right for the wronged ;
Ransom for captives ; freedom for the slave ;
The tyrant's fetters shivered or unloosed ;
The bigot's fires put out with heavenly rains,
Or swept in swift, avenging floods away ;
Scorn of all baseness, cruelty, and craft,
Hardness of heart, and sordid greed of gold,
All hollow seeming, cant, and sly chicane ;
Honor to worthiness, wherever found,
And nobleness and virtue,— be the shell
Of the sweet kernel rugged as it may ;
Shame to the shameless, whatsoe'er they wear,—

Purple or fustian, linsey or brocade ;
Beggars and kings before its equal shrines,
Themselves alone, and not their rags or robes ;
Light on life's shadows, and the sacred bow
Of ancient promise bent above its storms ;
Divine compassion for the fallen and lost,
God's holy fear, and human brotherhood.'

So builded, and so hallowed, it shall stand,
Long on its hill,—a glory and delight
To all the nations ; the wide earth shall wear
New beauty in its presence, and be made
Worthier and happier ; earliest, shall the Morn,
From dewy sleep uprising and refreshed,
Greet with fond kisses all its thousand spires,
Turning their white to roses ; latest, Eve,
Trailing her dusky robe, and loth to go,
Shall linger round their summits,—bathing them
In the sweet radiance of her parting smile.

And when the solemn ages shall have shed
On its gray walls their majesty and grace,
And filled their rents with ‘ rare old ivy green,’⁵—

Even then, as now, from many climes shall come—
But most from those whose swarming millions breathe
The vital air of liberty and law ;
Who speak their tongue, and live their lofty life ;
Pilgrim with scollop-shell, and worshipper,—
To kneel before its altars, and to rest
In the cool stillness of its haunted shade.

Young men shall come, and maidens,— with the dew
Of the fresh morning on their grassy paths ;
Old men shall come,— with worn and weary feet,
At the still even-tide, to breathe its air,
And listen to the music of its chimes,
And feel their aged hearts grow young again ;
And troops of children ;— O, he loved them well,—
The dear old builder,— and they gave him back
Full, heaped-up measure, pressed and running o'er
With the heart's riches ; these, with daisies white,
In their white hands, and crocuses, to strew
Over their still and narrow beds, whose names,
Watered with many tears, are written there,—
The angel-child, sweet Nelly's ; little Paul's,—

The weird, mysterious, musing boy, who watched
The golden water dancing on the wall ;
And, dearer even than these, poor Smike's and Jo's,
Because they were the poor, and suffered most ;
And they shall look for Tiny Tim's, and find
With glad surprise, that that was all a dream.
And often, in the pauses of their play,
With softened voices they shall talk of him
Who built the grand old church, and hung so high,
And linked in such sweet labyrinths of sound,—
Wedded, and woven, and all interwoven,
In jubilant peals, glad as angelic songs,
And tender cadences that float afar,
To die in silence on the silent hills,—
Its bells, to ring the welcome Christmas in ;
And told the stories of their earthly lives,
Whose graves are there,—and how they went away
To be good angels in the blessed skies,—
Clothed in white robes, and bearing in their hands
Palm branches,—and the incorruptible seal,
Set on their foreheads, of eternal life,—

To watch us there, and beckon us to come,
When we, like them, our work have finished here,
And so are ready to go home to God ;
And in that holy city on the mount,—
For her bridegroom, like a preparèd bride,
Whose walls are jasper, and her gates of pearl,
Where from all eyes, all tears are wiped away,
And death and pain and crying are no more,
With Him to live forever, and the Lamb.

— All who shall come — the old and young — to be
Chastened and cheered, — made quicker to find out
And soothe life's sorrows, and made strong to do
Its rugged service valiantly and well ; —
So serving always, as to leave the world
Better and happier, in some poor degree,
Than they had found it, — and themselves to reap
The ripened harvest of life's true delights, —
To taste its cup of pleasantness, and share
The various feast its fruitful bounty spreads,
With grateful praise to Him who gives us all.

My pleasant task is ended. Many an hour
Has it beguiled of weariness and pain,
And cheered with its still presence. Often while
My idle-busy fingers, thread by thread,
The various web were weaving, did my thoughts
Go back, dear friend, to that fair spring-time, when
The orbits of our individual lives
Circled together for a bright, brief space,
Red-lettered in my calendar of days ; —
When down that silver river, and against
His turbid tide — *Father of Waters*, called —
Lounging along the bulwarks of the boat,
Day after day, through many a various theme
Of men and their affairs, we ranged at will,
And talked, from noon till night, the hours away ;
And when we stood together, silent, where
The voice of the great Cataract ascends —
Perpetual hymn and anthem — to His name
Who pours it from the hollow of His hand, —
Fit boundary, we thought, to stand between,

With its embracing bow of hope and peace,
The mighty realms it separates and unites.

My heart runs over, when I think of all
The happy days made happier, and the dark,
Lit up and brightened by your welcome words ;
The genial laughter and the gentle tears,
And better thoughts your coming ever brings.

Take, then, the Season's simple gift I send,
In grateful memory of those golden hours.
I know full well, that what poor worth it has,
Is in the giving, more than in the gift,—
The love, and not the cunning, of the work,—
The meaning, not the music, of the song.

RESTITUTION OF SUNDRY CONVEYANCES.

'Convey, the wise it call.' — SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE 1. Page 4.

At his approach complaint grew mild,
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome that they could not utter.

PRAED.

NOTE 2. Page 46.

Domestic awe, night rest, and neighborhood.

SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE 3. Page 56.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

JOHNSON's *Epitaph on Goldsmith's Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

NOTE 4. Page 68.

By that square buttress, see where Louis stands, —
 The stone yet warm from his uplifted hands.

O. W. HOLMES.

NOTE 5. Page 72.

A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTE A. Page 60.

There are lines in some recent poems which have been widely circulated and warmly praised, that no right-minded man or woman should be able to read with any other feelings than those of utter loathing and abhorrence. There are no terms that can adequately express the enormity of these outrages against purity and decency, except those which are themselves more or less coarse and repulsive; and this is my apology, if any apology is necessary, for having made use of such terms. The offence, in the instances to which I refer, smells all the more rankly to Heaven, in that the very pages which are defiled by these grossnesses, are at the same time crowded with the most sacred and hallowed words in our language.

"It can hardly be considered a very grateful or gratifying reflection, that any portion of the gentle young maidenhood of New England should have managed, not only to step so daintily over the turbid and stagnant cisterns in these new gardens of Parnassus, but that they should have wandered with so much complacency and affectionate admiration through the wildernesses of their flowers,— exhaling, as even these do, for the most part, an odor, certainly unlike that which is breathed from the chalice of the lily, or the bosom of the rose.

NOTE B. Page 61.

Some of my friends, not familiar with the circumstances, may think that in these lines I have fallen into some extravagances ; but I wish to state that I have in no way exaggerated or misrepresented the rather singular and somewhat audacious exploits, which some of the young heroes of the new literature have given out that they would like to undertake.

BOSTON, 135 WASHINGTON STREET.
DECEMBER, 1854.

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